



# Pretty in Pink



princess

death

155 6 16

## Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

The young princess twirled through the field of bones, the pink frill of her outfit sending skulls flying left and right with a sickening crunch.

## Chapter 2 by The Harlequeen



She giggled as the screams of tortured souls reached her ears as she danced through the field of plague and death. She was so very happy, you see, because it was all her doing.

## Chapter 3 by 311i3



She picked up a skull, which surprisingly, still intact. She stroked and kissed the skull, whispering secrets to it, that will never be spoken nor heard. Because those who crossed the princess, ended up with their head under her heels and a sword through their heart, laying here to rot. The souls screamed, and the princess tossed the skull aside.

Death.

To the princess, there was no such thing as a stupid man. They were so stupid. Her heart was as cold as ice, encased in the frosty darkness of her body. She swept past the bones with superiority, her head held high. Men who passed by became hopelessly in love, not looking past her beauty. They fell dead at her feet. Women only

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saw a beautiful young girl in a pretty pink dress. No one saw the sword hidden in the sheath by her side.

There was no one to stop her. Parents and relatives were long dead. Anyone who got in her way? They ended up the same way. A man stood in front of her, dumbstruck. The princess glided her way towards the man, kicking away skulls and bones in her path, and slowly drawing her jewelled sword out. She stood in front of the man. Although she was shorter than him, it seemed as if she was towering above him.

She held up his chin with her free hand and purred, "Well aren't you lovely". The man closed his eyes, waiting. And the princess stabbed him through the heart.

#### Chapter 4 by 311i3



What does the princess want? She knows. She dreams. All men in chains. Women more powerful than ever before. And she... She will rule the world. Does she have followers? Yes, yes she does. Does she have the money to do that? Yes, a princess has all she wants and needs.

The princess stared at the dead man at her feet in disgust. There was blood stained on her best dress. She wiped the blood off her jewelled sword with the clothes of the body and started marching back.

She entered a beautiful palace of gleaming white, which was hidden very well, deep within the middle a dark lake. Women in armour bowed to her as she passed, and the princess acknowledged them each by name. Women deserved to be respected by even the greatest of leaders.

As she walked deeper, towards the throne room, streaks of dark red stained the shining walls. Men who got in- they were brought to the princess herself to execute for her pleasure. The throne room was indescribable. Absolutely beautiful yet gross at the same time. It was made to inspire terror, and it worked better than anyone would have thought it would.

Behind the Pink Throne, was a mess of blood everywhere on the wall. It brought the same mood to the princess every time she saw it. She knew whose blood it was. An invisible dagger jabbed at her back. The princess shielded herself, and the ice in her veins melted. Her body temperature dropped to the point where even she couldn't stand it. The dagger came out, and the princess

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could breathe again. Fury surged through her body. Her subjects backed away from her slowly. They didn't know. No one ever would.

Because the blood on that wall? It was the blood of her former lover.

## Chapter 5 by Vanilla



Men were cruel.

She wasn't doing any wrong. Those past years, where men dominated, women were treated secondary; she was just seeking revenge.

Her former lover had opened her eyes. As she stared down the red marks on the wall, her fist clenched, her eyes burned.

She didn't regret killing any man.

Every thing in the world would be feminine. Pink. She sat down on her throne, a grand sight, made of gold with pink roses creeping upon it. She didn't mind the thorns. Just as she pricked her finger off one, and was about to suck it, her servant entered.

"My lady, your dress. "

"Thank you, Amelia. "

## Chapter 6 by Fay Sojourner



The princess sat with her legs cross on her throne, dreaming of the world she would rule. All men would be dead. The ones she planned to spare would be the males who will accept her teachings and be slaves. The hottest among them would be used for breeding. 'Yes...' she thought to herself. "Princess," one of her messagers cried. The princess looked up. "Hmm?"

"The group of young men you order has arrived."

The princess clapped her hands. "Oh, goody! Have them all tortured until they give up their will to be laborers! Ooh! And afterwards, have the sexiest teenager of them be brought to my bedchambers! And have him cleaned and groomed!"

"Uh... Princess? I thought you hated men."

"I do! It's just that there's need to be people for labor and we need to figure out how to repopulate after women are done."

"Eh, alrighty then."

"Kay now, you may go!"

The messenger turned around and scurry away.

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The princess waved her hand at her. "Bye!" She happily exclaimed.

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